

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MARCH 10, 1870.

Honore, where did you learn that very serious and somewhat objectionable thing?

In New York.

"Yes," she replied, smiling at his look of interest, "but tell me, in what way? I assure you, our mode of travel was a broken down old fellow, who taught Honore. Madame charged him as an Indian professor in the box, though, and put him down at a high figure. He had a voice like an angel's, and now and then he would sing a solo, which with those made our hearts go in very different fashions from the twaddly ballads we were obliged to teach the girls. One day, when we were out, he sang us that song, and the next day he was gone. I never got back my head and would come out again. I begged the words and he gave me both words and music. They are at the bottom of the sea now, in the Penquin. That's the whole story of the Lieut. Mr. Saitine. I won't sing it any more."

There was a curious touch of bewilderment about her manner when she told her story—but it was straightforward enough, and she could doubtless unravel whatever of mystery there was about Honore Chantrelle. The resemblance to the dead woman—Lieutenant Cartaret spoke of was, of course, singular—one which might exist anywhere.

Bombay was reached at last, after a quick, prosperous passage. From thence they left on the steamer bound for Madras. There was no time to be lost, and when they sighted the Indian shore she was able to sit on deck and be talked or read to without growing weary and rest less, was her wont.

"How you look, Fifi!" she said to Honore, when they watched the domes and minarets of the half European, half Asiatic city growing more and more distinct.

"How do I look?" asked Honore, rousing herself from her reverie, and adjusting Mrs. Chantrelle's cushions.

"I hardly know. As if you were seeing into the future—as if you had the gift of second sight."

"I wish I had. I would give all I possess to have such a blessed gift for half an hour."

"I want to see the future; I want to know what lies before me—whether I shall live or die, or whether I shall live to old age and go down in my grave killed by the sheer curse of an uneventful existence of years."

"Honore, how you talk! You are not yourself to-day. 'Aye, this is the matter.' Nothing. I think the sight of these foreign shores has given her a new lease upon the passionate life that lies dormant in me. I am not the cold New Yorker, Mars, that circumstances have made me appear. My very nature is exotic. I love bright skies and the warm sun, and the red roses of the tropic land, and the green grass and light up the heart at the same time."

"You are not a bit like the mild, quiet Honore that came to us in London," Mars said; "but I think I like you better now than you are. Fifi is in her element. You look as though you had a great purpose to achieve—some great need to do."

"A purpose?" murmured Honore Chantrelle to herself. "Aye, I have a purpose greater than her faded mind can imagine. That she is here, that poor, helpless, dependent where they will scarce dare to lit their dizzied eyes to look upon her, un—
Ah, I dare not think of any consequence. Fortune would never frown so darkly as to dash my hopes now, when I have dared all, risked all, to win the prize I seek."

All this passed through her busy brain while the invalid Mars lay looking at her with wide open eyes, unconscious that such a tempest was raging in her heart. To her Honore only said with a sweet smile:

"Of course I have a purpose, dearest—take care of your men make haste and get well, or people will say that I am a bad nurse."

"Bombay at last!" was Lieutenant Cartaret's exclamation as land in sight. "Don't think much of the country as far as beauty goes."

The ship had been making towards the port of Madras, when a small boat came alongside, and a man in a sailor's uniform, who had just come off a vessel, stepped into the boat, and went ashore.

"Who's in command?"

"Colonel Claperton, properly; but he's away on leave—mostly in they say—and there's a real live duke in his place."

"The major, of course."

"Yes, quite a young fellow, and as rich as any number of Israelites—joined his regiment for a week, under some cloud at home. I heard that, and it is as big a mystery as any in the service."

"You'll have pleasant times, then, I think," said Mr. Lewis. "He'll be down on you, my boy."

"He won't. I shall keep him off his way. He's a good fellow, and full of fun, but met him once or twice at home, and his sister's the neatest thing out; but all of a sudden they shut up Castletowers, and off they went. He came to India, and she was in Italy very ill. Whatever ailed them both must have been bad. The duke was only captain then—he has got his step-sister."

"Ah, Castletowers, is it? His going off like that was a nine days' wonder. Is he married?"

"I believe not. I had a letter from an old chum of mine out there, grumbling that there was no lady at the head of affairs. I fancy he's a woman hater."

"It's true to one oldfashioned lady, perhaps. Look you, Honore, there are men who are such nobodies as were their lives for a woman's sake. I beg your pardon, Miss Chantrelle—I had no idea you were there."

He had stretched out his arms and accidentally hit upon Honore. She had been sitting on a pile of cushions close by him, but so motionless that they had not noticed her.

"I have to beg your pardon," she said, rising, "for remaining here while you walk about. I must confess that I was glad to keep quite still when I found that your conversation was not of a personal or private nature."

"It was entirely unimportant," said Lieutenant Cartaret. "Pray keep quiet, Miss Chantrelle; you do indeed look very ill."

Honore's face was ghastly pale, and blue circles showed themselves under her dark eyes.

"The sound of the pain is gone," she said, as she arranged her cushion for her. "But it is apt to leave shoulders. So you are going to Cawnpore, Mr. Cartaret? We

shall be almost neighbors in this queer country. Lucknow is not very far away. They entered into conversation, and Honore asked several questions about the Duke of Castletowers and Mr. Cartaret's regiments in general, all of which the sergeant had been compelled to answer. And presently they steamed into Bombay Harbor, and the giant ship gave up her living freight to be converted for wide over the vast empire of India.

The long, wearisome railway journey, so the sergeant told her, had had a most exhausting effect on Honore Chantrelle. Her spirits seemed to rise with every mile that brought them nearer to their destination.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHASING THE BUTTERFLIES.

BY GUTHRIE FRENCH.

At what a long, sweet time age since in the dim, dim days of yore Little feet glided to eager chasing, Little hands clasped in eager clinging, Little lips in eager, quivering singing.

I quivered, I trembled, I shuddered, I quaked, I shrank, I shrank,

Eagerly, with outstretched hands At the first, the first, the first,

Just as it suits the sunshine flies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

On the grasping after the other things, Little fingers of yesterday,

Rested fast within the seat.

Little wings of yesterday.

Never is lost, the butterflies.

Question I no more, wondrously

What is better, life's truth or show,

Still to play, still to show,

Still to cry, still to wail,

Still to sing, still to wail,

Still to chase the butterflies.

Truth is life's timely round and ripe,

Hanging its quivering blossoms over,

Hope is life's crimson coloring,

Wings of the butterflies,

Fair and bright, born with dry eyes,

Wings of the butterflies,

And I want like to make again,

Through the deep, smooth, ripe and tall,

Chasing the crimson wings about,

Fitfully, fitfully, fitfully,

Just as I did with childhood's skies,

Chasing the bright, brown butterflies.

Truth is life's timely round and ripe,

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A Perilous Position.

IN CHAPTERS.

Now, look here, Fred, you're exactly an hour and a half to get back in," said Mr. Middleton after luncheon. "I shall be at the mill by three precisely. Are you sure you can manage it?"

"I'm quite certain of it," said Fred, "but I think I'll take a short cut."

"Well, I don't know if you had a good time with the old man," said Mr. Middleton, a mill-owner who had remained a giganteous fortune by manufacturing, and in three days was to be my wife."

"I'm sure you did," said Fred, "but I think I'll take a short cut."

"You'll certainly," said my companion, when we had stood together for a few seconds on the spot where we had alighted.

"You certainly," I replied, with an assumption of boldness, but as I was a stranger to the place, and with Mr. Hesketh at my heels, I commenced the aristocratic-looking dwelling I had visited.

Of this couple, one was a young lady, very fair and, in my eyes at least, very attractive, the other a child, and only daughter of Mr. M. Middletons, a mill-owner who had remained a giganteous fortune by manufacturing, and in three days was to be my wife.

That attachment was mutual. I was, moreover, well assured, and on that delicate summer afternoon life opened before me a prospect of happiness which I had indeed felt, that it was with difficulty I could restrain my jubilation within bounds, and compel myself to walk along the ground at a reasonable and gentle pace, instead of running or leaping at the first opportunity.

As I neared by my darling stepmother to meet me, and after a few words upon another subject, she administered an anxious caution aepos of an adventure in which I was about to join, and assured her that I should proceed immediately to the mill.

"We've a few view from here—haven't we?" observed Mr. Hesketh as I stopped, a sensation of dread thrilling my nerves at his touch.

"You've a few view from here—haven't we?"

"I'll tell you what," said Fred, "I'd rather you hadn't had a bath, at all, than that ugly creature," and mamma said it was a shame, but whether she meant it was a shame, the baby was an ugly creature, such fascinating manners, such an altogether irresistible young man, and Dolly's mamma was the beauty of the town, and when they were married everybody said she was the handsomest pair in the place.

Presently quota papa.

"We'll call for Dolley—that means sorrow. I'm sure she's sorrow to us, say right."

So they christened her Dolley, which being inconveniently long, was shortened to Dolly.

"I'm afraid the poor little thing will have a sad time of it," said the nurse.

Her husband, after relating some of the disapproving remarks made on the place.

"Poor little thing!" soliloquized he.

"How delicate she looks, and how grave

she seemed for the little things I did for her, just as if no one had ever done a kind thing for her before. She isn't pretty, but she is a shame of papa to make such an unattractive youth, didn't seem quite right."

"Dear old Dolly!" mused Fred.

"Not particularly, it is not very fair,"

"No, it isn't such a great distance, but you don't look very strong."

"So you christened her Dolley, which being inconveniently long, was shortened to Dolly."

"I'm sorry to say, she is not very strong."

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LOST LOVE.

BY A. WILDESS.

My stars that were due have grown bright
But I never shall feel
And now I am lost to all
The love of that lost summer night.

When far in the depths of the wood,
Wings like the winds were dying
And death seemed to bring
Incomes no more to me.

We rode down the lonely green lane
To the edge of the wood,
With solitude to choose
What thoughts lay heavy on their pines.

She stirs up in a wild fancy,
I know not what it is;
I followed her, a king of the woods.
Had I not a king of the woods?

The sun was down, his golden rod,
With the world's last light,
And wistfully gazing,
The lone boughs murmured and died.

Then lightly I bade her adieu;
Farewell, my love;
Fare, pleasure and love;
I bid not a thought, but love bids.

My stars that were due have grown bright
As they over me beat;
Put out in the still summer night.

The simple contentment pool for
The world's last light,
Put not undreamed of love,
Up the heart of an innocent boy.

MADAME, TAKE ME AWAY.

BY MARY C. COOKSON.

Madame take me on I weep
With all my heart, where no one comes,
Through the long, long days of this world.

I would look on beauty to hide
The secret of my heart, to hide
And trust me in all.

Madame take me on I weep
For life is death, where no one comes;
From the world's last light to hide
That I may not be alone.

Madame take me on I weep
And trust me in all.

Madame, take me on I weep
What would I do? I whisper to tell
How I have been wronged; how I have lost
Madame take me on I weep.

Madame, take me on I weep
And trust me in all.

PHANTOMS,
OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY LUCILLE DUNSTIN.

Now, said Henry, you can't have me alone
in the dark," said Louis, smiling that
Henry and the policeman were about to
break him for the moment.

"I have no time to waste in trying to do that. What is
the most next?"

"The matter is," said Henry, "that the
watchman whom we sent upstairs to look
around and find out something, has only
found something mysterious. He has
kept up a dozen of a whistling, like a
ghost, up there. Lou, don't tell."

"Hold! Hold! Must I stay here in the
dark again?"

"No," said Henry. "Let the light of
this candle render you happy. In
the meantime, the whistling continues."
He turned off the light and went
out into the hall and left Louis and
watch. I will visit him and leave the
dark. I am used to it."

Louis went out into the noisy and gave
a loud whistle.

"Hello, he yelled as hard as he could,

when he reached the foot of the staircase.

"Hello, up there! Have you found any-
thing?"

"There came back a distant cry:

"Yes, come up!" It was Louis' voice.

"Hello, I'm going up to see what
has been found out with regard to
the person who was here. As the person
comes nearer, Henry cried out.

"Who is it?"

"It is I, Louis. I know your voice."

"Hello, madame! Tell me all
Have you a true—here goes!"

"Mr. Rock thinks he has discovered
something," she replied breathlessly. "But
he has neither awakened!"

"I answered Henry quickly. That
is, I suppose not. I have been wait-

ing."

"Why Henry, why all you
have not discovered anything new
there where the police? Why is it so dark
here?"

"I won't answer a single question, my
dear girl. Go over into the parlor there,
and see for yourself."

"What? I feel more frightened now
than I have been in my life. What?"

"We are not alone," said Henry.

"I need not say more. Henry. There,
give me your hand. But why did you
come down?"

"To find who you didn't answer the
signal sound. We thought that you had
been awakened."

"Where is Louis?" Henry queried, as
he grasped the state bushes with one hand
and led Louis with the other.

"Reindeer," she said as she cautiously fol-

lowed her way step by step.

"Reindeer! Reindeer! There is something
that we must do now. Right. But
there is something moving there."

"It is closed. She is awake. Father,
Father! he called. I wish I had a light
here."

"Mother," cried Louis, "you can see
she is awake. Louis, don't! Don't!"

There being no response to this one
more Henry and the woman he had
brought with him had to leave the hall.

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"Reindeer," she said as she cautiously fol-

lowed her way step by step.

"Reindeer! Reindeer! There is something
that we must do now. Right. But
there is something moving there."

"It is closed. She is awake. Father,
Father! he called. I wish I had a light
here."

"Mother," cried Louis, "you can see
she is awake. Louis, don't! Don't!"

There being no response to this one
more Henry and the woman he had
brought with him had to leave the hall.

"I need not say more. Henry. There,
give me your hand. But why did you
come down?"

"To find who you didn't answer the
signal sound. We thought that you had
been awakened."

"Where is Louis?" Henry queried, as
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